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Selected Poetry.

Origin of the Forget-We-Not.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

Among Silesian plains where glide
The Oder streams, in slow meander,
Upon a fair bright evening
Of old, two lovers came to wander.
And from sunset's gorgeous dyes
Some emblem most they sought to borrow,
It was to see in these fair skies
Hopes for some fair diviner morrow.
And it—while o'er its silvery spray
They bent to view the singing water,
Where foam bells flashed in joyous play,
And ripples broke, like low sweet laughter,
A thought was mingling with the dream,
Which in that hour did thrill and quiver,
Amid their hearts' strings—'It might seem
Of music rolling on forever!
"A boon! a boon!" the maiden cried:
"The meadow flowers are fair to gather—
Hailbells, and daisies, sunny-eyed,
And cowslips, child of April weather;
King-cups and crocuses, that fling
A golden glimmer o'er the meadows;
And lilies, o'er the glassy spring,
That bend to view their own white shadows.
"But unavailing these are flung,
In blushing bloom of pearly whiteness,
The while for me so idly hung
Those buds of blue celestial brightness,
That gem the water's opposing shore,
Upon my grasp which fair world measure
That glittering space of water o'er,
Bespread like some attainted treasure,
"The boon be thine, fair love!" he cried;
And, through that glittering crystal dashing,
He wended fast where o'er the tide
The blue gleams of those flowers was flashing.
He reck'd not of the treacherous flood,
Outspread in deepening paths before him;
While on, in eager, ardent mood,
Unto the flowery prize he bore him!
Alas! alas! the watery zone
Around him clung with mightier clasping;
But the goal is reached, the prize is won,
Triumphant in his resolute grasping!
He turned him proudly to the strand,
And cried, while o'er the overwhelming river,
He flung the flowers with dying hand—
"Forget me not!" and passed forever!
Forget me not! and at her feet,
Where ne'er had love laid true token,
They lay, whose task was now but meet
To breathe a heart whose hope was broken!
Thence ever grow that name to be
So dear unto affection parted—
The flowers of love's fidelity,
The motto of the constant-hearted.
H. B. M.

Original Translation.

Translated from the German for the Southern Enterprise
THE BRACELET.
BY G. H.

Col. DE WALDON had met with a brave soldier's death in the bloody battle of Leuthen, where on the 5th of December 1757, Prussia's greatest king, Frederick, the second gained such a glorious victory over the Austrians. He left his widow, living in Prague, in very indifferent circumstances, which were the more pressing, as she, besides herself and young daughter, had also to provide for the sister of her husband, who shortly before his death had offered her an asylum in his family. A small pension was scarce sufficient for the most necessary wants, but she succeeded in nursing and attending her sick sister-in-law by industriously making and selling fine fancy needlework.
But the greatest care Mrs. De WALDON had was the payment of her house rent, more particularly as the owner of the house, an old bachelor, belonged to that class of persons who have no sympathy for the misfortunes of others, and live only to satisfy their own wishes and desires. Following, therefore, his selfishness and narrow-mindedness, Mr. DREXLER was often undelicate enough to reproach her with bitter words, and to threaten if she continued to pay him the house rent for the last quarter, to give her notice to quit. Mrs. De WALDON would have long ago have searched for a more suitable house, one more adapted to her present circumstances.

...her present abode had been, also, that of her parents, and as such all her youthful and happy hours were connected with it, and for that reason she generally managed to pay her house rent punctually.
Three years had passed, not without cares and sorrows in their small family, but still in quiet contentment, when the sister-in-law of Mrs. De WALDON was called away to follow her brother into a better world; this casualty would have mitigated their condition, if not Mrs. De WALDON, having with nightly watching by the sick bed, and working for their support in the day time injured her health to such a degree, as to be compelled to take to her bed. A small amount of money, she had managed to save, was entirely expended during her sickness, and for the burial of her sister-in-law. Sorrowfully she often gazed anxiously at her daughter, the only joy she had, conjecturing what was to be the future destiny of the poor girl, her orphan daughter, if she her mother, too, was called away. It was on a cold and blustering winter's day, when Emily, coming from the doctor, whence she got some medicine for her mother, and on her way home, crossing the bridge over the river Moldavia, where she saw a carriage and its horses, wild, unmanageable and running away, coming in a dashing gallop towards her. Emily lost not a moment in running to the end of the bridge, and was on the point of stepping on the pavement of the street to keep out of the way of the infuriated horses, when losing her footing on the snow and ice-slippy pavement, she fell down, and so unfortunately as to be in imminent peril of being crushed to death. An officer of the dragoons, passing by and seeing her great danger, sprang with lightning speed to her, lifted her in his arms and bore her amid the approving shouts of the people to a place of safety; trembling and blushing, Emily endeavored to thank her preserver, a very handsome young man, in the most heartfelt terms, and entreated him to accompany her to her mother that she too might have the pleasure of thanking him for his noble deed, but the officer excused himself, and said, that it was with regret he denied himself the honor of her company, as some military duty prevented his complying with her request, "neither have I," he continued, "done anything but a duty incumbent on every human being; with those words he went away almost bewitched by the glances of those dark and lustrous blue eyes of Emily.
Emily went home and related to her sick mother all that had happened. She was at first terrified, but at the conclusion of the story she thanked God in a sincere and heartfelt prayer for the preservation of her dear child from such a horrible death. The emotions of her heart having subsided a little, Mrs. De WALDON reproved her daughter for neglecting to learn at least the name of the officer, that she too might have expressed her gratitude to him; to Emily his name was of course unknown, but the image of her preserver was for ever engraven on her young and innocent heart. She was always vividly recalling the particulars of the scene to her imagination, when ever she crossed the bridge or passed near the spot of her disaster.
Emily was now in her sixteenth year, and her personal charms more and more unfolded the treasures of her cultivated mind to such a degree, that she was called the belle of Prague everywhere. Appearing in public was sure to excite general homage to her angelic loveliness. There was an indescribable enchantment about her that even her mother could not withstand, and very often when Emily sat busily plying her needle, her mother calling her to her bedside, and putting back a cloud of rich auburn curls from her daughter's classic forehead, would cover it with soft kisses, but not in this view alone was Emily the joy of her mother, who, sick and helpless as she was, entirely depended on her daughter for support and consolation. Emily's rare and tasteful skill in fancy needlework, combined with indefatigable industry, enabled her not alone to provide for all necessary wants, but even to procure now and then some refreshing luxury for her sick mother.
About this time there was a remarkable change in the conduct and whole exterior of her landlord; this man who had on every occasion shown himself rude and coarse to Mrs. De WALDON, became now every day more and more agreeable and polite in his manners and conversation, and being very

attentive, also regarding his dress, he occasionally called on Mrs. De WALDON, to inquire anxiously into the state of her health and other circumstances and things, which he had never done before, except only to request the payment of his rent or receive money due to him for such.
About this time her house rent became due, and not having the money ready at hand, Mrs. De WALDON required time, which was not only immediately granted, but Mr. Dempsey in his present inexplicable behaviour, also offered for the use of the ladies a beautiful garden attached to the house, which was the more surprising, as Mrs. De WALDON had before this vainly entreated him to permit her the use of it; his visits became now more frequent than ever, and sometimes he would present the mother with the choicest fruits of his garden, or on another occasion present the daughter with the most beautiful flowers tied into a bouquet, nay he even sometimes dared to kiss the hands of mother and daughter, before bowing himself out of the room.
For a long time Mrs. De WALDON could not explain to herself the reason of her landlord's kindness to her family, it being a contradiction to his known character, but she felt at times a presentiment of his true intentions.—She was not deceived, when one morning being alone, Mr. Dempsey with a new wig and dressed in the extreme of fashion, solicited an interview with her; it was granted, and with deep bows he made his entrance into the room, commenced the conversation with the common topics of the day, and then led off on the happiness and joys of married life, and expatiated at great length on his unhappy lot, in not having as yet experienced such bliss, as he had never before seen a young lady attractive enough in person and mind to offer his heart and hand, but heaven had blessed him at last in recognizing and appreciating the loveliness and accomplishments of her daughter, and she alone deserved to become his wife. "Yes, my dear Mrs. De WALDON," he continued, "I love your daughter, her graces have enchained me, and it is impossible for me to exist without her. I give myself up, therefore, to the secret hope, of your sanction to our union, and that you will now look upon me as your future son-in-law, making me such in fact as soon as convenient to you;" and with these words this silly and conceited person glanced with a complacent smile at his reflected form in the opposite hanging looking glass. Although Mrs. De WALDON had suspected his intentions, and that the beauty of Emily alone had melted the ice around the heart of this old man, she never expected to hear it avowed so soon, but having tact sufficiently to listen to his proposal, she answered him with her native dignity and kindness that an offer of marriage to a young lady was a very important event in her life, and ought to be well considered, that he would not expect her to give him a decided answer now, but having spoken to her daughter about it, she then could let him know the result of it in the course of the day.
Mr. Dempsey was a rich man, possessing, besides his house in the city, a fine country residence in the environs of Prague, which yielded him a good round sum of money in rent every year, so that a marriage of her daughter with him, could have secured to her a life free from care and want. But leaving alone the disparity in years, he being sixty, Mr. Dempsey was known to be a great miser, and an infamous usurer, and the last though not least reason, was the natural aversion of her daughter to this man, she concluded, therefore, to let him know her decision in the following lines:
"Sir: you will not deny, as a reasonable man, that in contracting marriage with a young lady, that a mutual affection is indispensable, and you will pardon me, that as a mother, who dearly loves her child, I should consult the wishes of my daughter on this subject, and I am sorry to inform you that she peremptorily declines the honor of your hand. I will add, that the difference of your age and that of my daughter, also the difference of our respective positions and means compared with yours, cause me to second my daughter in her determination to decline the honor of an alliance with you, sincerely wishing our friendly intercourse will suffer no interruption from this unpleasant occurrence.
I remain yours, respectfully,
CHARLOTTE DE WALDON."

Mr. Dempsey having anticipated quite a different result, and counting on their poverty for complying with his wishes, seeing himself thus coolly and insultingly rejected, became furious, and was now, certainly not the man to fulfill the concluding wish of Mrs. De WALDON's letter.
On the next day, already, he called for the money due to him, yet, informing her, either, consent to the marriage of her daughter with him, or not paying the money due to him in six days, he would enforce the rigour of law against her. She knew him too well, to expect anything better from him, but how to avert and relieve her distresses, without sacrificing the happiness of her daughter, was a riddle to her, as just now her means were entirely exhausted, her embarrassment and cares enlarging every hour and with anxiety of heart, and weeping eyes, she saw a dark, troubled, cheerless future, open before her, but, where affliction's greatest, God's saving hand is nearest!
Accustomed to domestic life, Emily never desired any other pleasure, than to be near her mother, attending and enlivening her weary hours, occasionally leaving her for the care of a friend, she went to a neighboring chapel, hearing mass and praying to God for the recovery of her mother's health. On the day that Mr. Dempsey made known his final determination to her mother, she had gone, as usual, to fulfil her pious duty, and mass being over, she slowly retraced her steps homeward. It was getting dark, and she was just on the point of stepping over the threshold of the chapel, when, accidentally casting down her eyes, she saw lying on the floor near the door some shining object, stooping down she took it up, and wraping her handkerchief around it, without further looking at it. But how surprised, nay frightened, was Emily on coming home, showing it to her mother, she discovered now for the first time, that it was a magnificent worked bracelet, covered with the most valuable stones. Neither mother nor daughter for a moment entertained the thought of retaining this valuable ornament as their property.—They carefully put it up, expecting soon to hear who was the owner of it, and after the lapse of a few days, the above mentioned friend of Emily's, told her that it was advertised in the papers, the person who had found a bracelet, according to description, would meet with a reward commensurate to its value, on leaving it at the mansion of Gen. Count De Thurneck.
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Interesting Stories.

A Pretty Story.

"Well, I think it's likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they starve together."
This speech was addressed to a lovely girl scarcely eighteen, beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and consequently been disinherited. Mr. Whently was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to the mirth and wine, and sat in his arm-chair from morning until night, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading: "Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and—"
"I think it's likely," said the old man, "but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plucky room smokes so."
"Well," continued Ellen, "won't you just see her now—she is so good, and the little boy, he looks so innocent."
"What do you say?" interrupted the father; "a boy! have I a grandchild? Why Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's likely. Well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."
Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent.
"Well, he went on, 'Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at college, but I indulged him; and he was always good to his old father, for all, but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl; yet as my old friend and fellow-soldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got, to know what ever become of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This plucky smoky room, how my eyes water!—If I did but know who this girl was that my Charles has married; but I have never heard her name. I'll find out and—"
"I think it's likely," said the old man.
Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about three years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.
"Who is that?" said the old man wiping his eyes.
"That—that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while on the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up in his face and lisped out:
"Grandpa, what makes you cry so?"
The old man clasped the child to his bosom, kissed him again and again. After this emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.
"Thomas Bonner Whently," said the boy, "I am named after grandpa."
"What do I hear?" said the old man, "Thomas Bonner your grandfather?"
"Yes," lisped the boy, and he lives with ma, at—"
"Get me my cane," said the old man, "and come Ellen; be quick child."
They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodgings of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform his necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family.
"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man as he embraced his friend, who was petrified with amazement.
"Come," said Mr. Whently, "come all of you home with me, we will live together, there is plenty of room in my house for us all."
"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed, "Ellen and father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he father?"
"Ay," said the old man, "I think it's very likely."
THE DECLINE OF ART IN ITALY.—A Florence correspondent says: "The experience of this old academy, (Florence Academy of Fine Arts), richly endowed by the munificence of past times, and furnished as it is with all possible means and facilities, in the midst of the choicest treasures, affords a conspicuous example of the hopeless inefficiency of such institutions. The growth of art owes nothing to academic machinery and conventional training. Its master minds and matchless productions were not forced into immortality by any hot-bed culture whatever. But the great age of art in Italy is past! In this, as in other things, the star of empire is westerling."
NOT MARKED.—Twenty shilling muskets, and girls after they are thirty.

A Wonderful Story.

We notice in the European papers a story so extraordinary, that we could hardly give credit to it, if it was not endorsed by men of the highest standing in Berlin and Vienna. A very wealthy lady had by a first marriage twin sons, to whom she was devotedly attached. Their health being delicate she decided upon leaving Germany. By the advice of the most eminent physicians she fixed her residence in Italy; there, under the influence of the fine climate, they grew, but preserved the nervous impressibility which in their youth had put their lives in danger. Their likeness to each other was truly surprising. Both devoted themselves to the fine arts, painting especially. When sixteen years old they were considered as masters; but about that time a crisis took place in the disease attacking both. The physicians decided that the young men must separate; they objected for a long time, but at last overcame by the supplications of their mother, they left to chance to decide which one should depart.
It fell upon Alfred, and he started to visit Greece and the East, to be absent about a year. Regularly were transmitted by him to his mother and brother left behind, pictures, sketches, &c., of interesting and beautiful scenes in his travels. But these pictures, taken from nature, were so exactly the counterpart of what had been painted by the brother at home during the same time, that they could not be distinguished the one from the other. While in Upper Egypt Alfred died, and the physicians wrote to the mother an account of the circumstances attending his death. Upon the same day, and at the same hour, the brother in Italy also died. The same circumstances attended his death—the last words uttered were the same.
The distracted mother returned to Germany. Two years after she again gave birth to twin sons, the exact counterparts of those she had lost. She gave to them the same names. The same symptoms of feeble health showed themselves, and change of climate was again ordered. The mother repaired to Spain. The twin sons again devoted themselves to painting. When sixteen they were also taken sick, and a separation was ordered. The mother for a time resisted, but finally consented that one of them should visit the south of Spain. Chance again designated Alfred as the one that should go.
The same phenomenon was again witnessed. What was painted by one in Cadiz was reproduced by the other in Barcelona or Cadiz. Upon the very day that Alfred was about to return to his mother and brother he was suddenly taken ill and died. At the very same moment the brother died in the arms of his mother, both pronouncing the same words their brothers had pronounced twenty years before.
This story is published in the German papers for a verity. The Courier des Etats Unis, from which we translate it, vouches for the respectability of those by whom it is endorsed.

The Snow of Age.

We have just stumbled upon the following pretty piece of mosaic, lying amid a multitude of those less attractive:
"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."
The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as euphonic. The scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish," the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning grey, that it looked as if Time had lightly plashed his snows upon it in passing.
"It never melts"—no, never. Age is inexorable; its wheels must move onward, they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may set and sing—"I would I were a boy again," but he grows older as he sings. He may reap of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years, but as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.
"It never melts. The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon valley and mountain; but soon the sweet spring follows and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran; there is no Spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay; its single flakes fell unnoticed, and now it is dried there. We shall see it increase until we see the old man in his grave; there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in Heaven."
Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exist because they are old, if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.